

Jelly-bean Reagan ducks
Pym as talks get nowhere

WE'RE ON OUR OWN

From JOHN DICKIE in Washington

FOREIGN SECRETARY
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London today from Washing-
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He will report to Mrs Thatcher that there is practically no hope at this point of a diplomatic solution.

It is almost inevitable that his advice will be: If we want to solve the Falklands crisis we will have to do it ourselves.

This means that an assault on South Georgia could be imminent, as a first step towards retaking the Falkland Islands.

[*Ted Oliner reports from Buenos Aires:* Some Argentine sources said that President Galtieri was prepared to sacrifice South Georgia with just enough of a fight to justify his warmongering speeches in the hope that, some British pride restored, Mrs Thatcher would then go to the UN. That, however, could be a risky strategy as Britain could use South Georgia as a base to launch an attack on the Falklands.]

Difficulties

U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig appealed to Mr Pym for more restraint, more patience, more time. But the Americans had nothing to offer towards breaking the deadlock and satisfying Britain's essential demand: Get the Argentine invaders off the islands.

President Reagan did not intervene as had been expected. Mr Pym waited in vain for a call to the White House. Instead the jelly-bean-loving President left the talking to Mr Haig. Asked if he planned to see the British Foreign Secretary, Reagan ducked the question with the words: 'It's a nice day, We'll talk about that later.'

Mr Pym, after his long talks with Mr Haig, was in a mood bordering on despair. 'I think in view of the position taken by Argentina that their aggression should be rewarded it is hardly surprising that it should be difficult to reconcile the British view with the Argentine view,' he said. 'Serious difficulties remain. I can't report any particular progress.'

He did not conceal his anxiety about what lay ahead. 'I must not shrink from the possibility of the use of force. If all else fails it might come to that. It is no service to the cause of peace for us to maintain otherwise.'

And so, with the British task force already at 'defence stations'—one stage down from full Action Stations—with advance units already reconnoitering



Pym in Washington... a mood of near-despair

—Britons told: Get out—

By ROBERT PORTER in London and AMIT ROY in Buenos Aires

THE GOVERNMENT last night issued its gravest warning yet to British families still in Argentina to get out while they can.

The warning came after a threat from Argentine terrorists to kill British families if the Falklands crisis turns into an open war.

Government warnings were transmitted several times last night on the BBC World Service and will be repeated over the weekend. And a special message is going out tonight to the Falklands telling islanders that cash help is available if they want to leave before any fighting should begin.

With murder and mob violence everyday events in Argentina, British Ministers fear that British lives are gravely at risk.

At present the Argentine junta is not being blamed for the threats. But it is felt that British lives cannot be safeguarded in an atmosphere of mounting war hysteria.

The threats came in letters sent by a group of Argentine terrorists in Montevideo calling themselves Gadim—the Armed Group for the Defence of the Malvinas Islands.

The Government message advises

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Man lost at sea lives by the book, Dougal's bible on how to survive

AS his boat sank beneath him into the Atlantic Steven Callahan made a desperate grab for the one thing that was to keep him alive: A book called *Sea Survival*.

For the next 76 days as the 30-year-old American yachtsman drifted 1,800 miles in his rubber life raft he thanked his lucky stars for Dougal Robertson, the Scottish author who had himself come through a five-week ordeal.

'His book was my bible,' Callahan said yesterday as he rested on the island of Guadalupe in the Caribbean. 'It was packed with information. I don't think I could have survived without it.'

Callahan's voyage in a 22ft. sloop he built himself, began as a single-handed attempt to cross the Atlantic. He set out from the Canary Islands on January 31, bound for Antigua. Four days later his *Napoleon Solo* went down — struck, he thinks, by either a whale or huge shark.

Inflated

'I was awoken by a huge bang on the side. I barely had time to get on deck when water started gushing in, like someone turning on 50 fire hoses.'

He inflated his life raft, seized a duffle bag containing blanket, sleeping bag, equipment for converting seawater into fresh, and a harpoon gun, and clambered in—*Sea Survival* clutched in his hand.

One of the first hints he read was: 'Don't depend on getting picked up. Rescue will come as a very welcome interruption to the survival routine.'

It helped him to remain calm when seven ships passed him by. 'The phrase came to me,' he said, 'and I repeated it again and again.'

As Callahan drifted on and on, wearing only a tee-shirt and watch, he also found comfort in the words:

From BRIAN WELLS in Miami

'Don't let it depress you, keep the end in mind.'

But after 43 days there were times when even Dougal Robertson could not ease away the yachtsman's despair.

Callahan, a tall muscular man, now admits to 'bawling like a baby on several occasions.' He said: 'I just broke down completely and cried out: "I'm not going to make it — I just want to go home".'

When he had calmed down he consulted his 'bible' once more. 'The charts were terrific,' said the American. 'There was also information on birds—what type, how far they flew from land, and how to calculate where you were.'

Barnacles

'But most important of all was the advice Robertson gave on what to eat.'

'I survived mostly on eating barnacles from the bottom of the raft and dolphin which I caught with a spear-gun.'

Then, after 74 days, he saw the lights of Guadalupe; a day later, the island itself. On the 76th day — Wednesday — fishermen picked him up and gave him a coconut macaroon — 'the sweetest food I've ever tasted.'

Yesterday Callahan said: 'I wake up in the morning and I can't believe I'm alive. I'm going to write to Dougal Robertson to thank him.'



Superman Reel



Supergirl in the co

there. He was being deported.
'For me, it was the saddest moment of the whole invasion,' and the closest I came to crying,

boarders come to school from the outlying farms.
'We could hear explosions and shooting nearby, but the children

never had the chance to meet themselves. 'Then we were given 24 hours to pack and get out,' Mr Angel said.

WORLD WIDE

Break with Uncle Sam

AMERICA'S Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, may have to use some of his now-famous shuttle diplomacy to settle a dispute on his own doorstep.

At noon yesterday Old Glory—the U.S. Stars and Stripes—was lowered in the old town square of Key West, Florida, and replaced with a blue nylon flag

featuring a bright yellow sun and a pink conch shell.

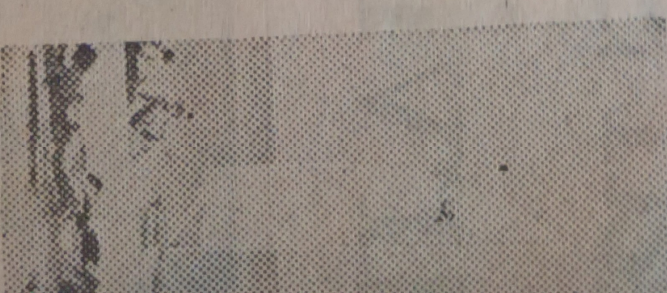
With that symbolic action its citizens seceded from the United States. Mayor Dennis Wardlow has proclaimed himself Prime Minister.

Following a bloodless revolution 'Prime Minister' Wardlow said: 'We are seceding from the union since the U.S. has seen fit

to place a border at Florida City and treat us like a foreign country.'

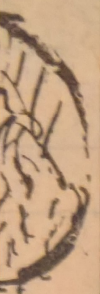
The dispute began last Sunday when officials set up a road block on Highway U.S. 1—the only road in and out of the Florida Keys—to try to stop illegal aliens and catch drug smugglers.

The action resulted in an arrest and a 19-mile traffic jam



Key West

SPRING



Major weeps